Silk and Lace

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/16313717.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Lingerie, Crossdressing, crackish?, Touch-Starved Hannibal, Hints of gentle dom Will, Surprisingly vanilla, Barely a handjob, Kind of fluffy too
Language:	English
Series:	Part 9 of Kinktober 2018
Collections:	Sub!Hannibal
Stats:	Published: 2018-10-16 Words: 3,105 Chapters: 1/1

Silk and Lace

by jonnimir

Summary

Kinktober Day 9: Lingerie.

Bedelia leaves Hannibal and Will a gift at the house on the cliff.

Notes

This probably doesn't count outright as crack, but it's certainly the most lighthearted thing I've written in recent memory, fanfic or otherwise. Kind of needed it after that last fic, phew.

When they got to Hannibal's safe house on the cliff and Hannibal retrieved the key, unlocked the door, and walked in, he froze so suddenly that Will nearly walked into his back.

"What's wrong?"

Hannibal tilted his head, and over his shoulder Will saw his nose flare. "Unless I am very much mistaken, we've been paid a visit by Bedelia du Maurier."

"You told her about this place?" Will found a bit of resentment slipping into his voice. He didn't like the idea of Hannibal sharing so much with Bedelia.

"I did not. Evidently she is even more resourceful than I gave her credit for."

"Well, there's no car."

Hannibal walked further in and scanned the room. "I don't believe she's here now. However… it does seem she's left something for us."

In fact, all of the furniture in sight was covered with plastic sheets, which made the presence of a red box and a bottle of champagne lying on top of a table very obvious. Hannibal walked over and lifted a note off the box. Looked at it, and blinked. Set it aside and opened the box, and a smile tugged at the corner of his mouth.

Will walked over, peered into the box, and saw something made of white satin and lace that looked suspiciously like a very fancy bra. When he turned to the note, he read:

Enjoy your honeymoon.
~ Bedelia

He huffed. While this was a natural enough continuation of her assertion that they'd both been Hannibal's "bride," it seemed like a lot of trouble to go to just to be passive-aggressively bitchy.

"Have you been having conversations with Bedelia of which I was unaware, Will?"

He looked up. Rather than irritated, Hannibal looked deeply amused.

"We've talked. I didn't tell her you and I were eloping, if that's what you mean."

"I take it you did inform her of your plan for me to escape custody, however?"

"She figured it out. She wasn't pleased."

"I imagine not. I rather left her with the impression I intended to eat her one day."

Will smiled wryly. "Not sure she's doing a good job of delaying that inevitability, then."

Hannibal tilted the wine bottle, examining the label. "Oh, I'm not sure about that. She knows my taste, and this is a very fine champagne. If she felt like levying an insult I'm sure she

would have chosen differently."

"Of course she knows your taste. Spent long enough as Mrs. Fell in Florence." The words sounded more bitter than he intended. He waved a hand at the box. "And the… lingerie?"

Hannibal tilted his head considerately. "I don't recall having any discussions with her about my taste in lingerie. Did you?"

Will scoffed. "No, but she did call me your 'bride,' once or twice, I guess this is just more of…. *that*. Like she couldn't resist…" He hesitated. He couldn't quite bring himself to call it "a final jab," which sounded too much like an outright insult. So he shrugged. "Extending the metaphor."

"Bedelia is usually quite perceptive." Hannibal moved his attention from the wine bottle to the lingerie, smoothing his fingers over the fabric. "And this seems to be of very good quality as well. Silk charmeuse. She's made an effort."

"To what end, exactly?"

"I haven't spoken to her in three years, outside of holiday cards. I'm sure you know better than I." He looked at Will expectantly.

Will looked away, feeling suddenly self-conscious—which, he reminded himself, was ridiculous. He was an adult. He was *married*. He shouldn't feel this awkward around the subject of feelings and attraction.

"Beside the metaphors," he said, finally, "we talked about your feelings for me. And my feelings for you. She said you were in love with me and asked if I… had similar feelings. I was vague, but… she might have made some assumptions."

Will was pretty sure that didn't even qualify as a love confession, and if it was it was the clumsiest one he'd ever made. He cringed.

His eyes flicked back to see Hannibal's face, and though he looked deeply intrigued, Will's discomfort must have been obvious. Rather than push for more, he simply said, "So perhaps she hoped playing cupid would put her in our good graces."

Will raised an eyebrow. "Bold approach."

"She terminated our cohabitation in Florence by literally packing my bags for me. I'd say bold approaches are very much her style."

"You'll have to tell me the story of how she survived *that* encounter."

"Simple. She knew I was too caught up in the anticipation of your arrival to spare her any further attention." Hannibal nodded at the box. "Similarly, rather than get caught up in debating her intentions here, I suggest we make ourselves at home until nightfall. Presumably, we will be safe from the Dragon until then."

Hannibal had, astoundingly, kept clothes in Will's size in his guest room, and invited him to change—his current clothing having become unfortunately a bit grimy and sweaty over the course of the day—while Hannibal attended to a few things necessary to revive the long-unoccupied house, such as turning on the heating. As it was, the air was quite cold. Will decided it was probably better not to ask under what circumstances Hannibal imagined he would come to this house; he had a bad feeling it had to do with his intended plans for Will and Abigail when they were supposed to leave Baltimore together.

When Will emerged from the room, all the furniture had been freed from dust covers, and Hannibal was nowhere in sight. He waited for a few minutes, staring at the tall windows at the stretch of sea. When he did hear a door creak and turned around, it was to the sight of Hannibal entering the room in a silky robe.

Will found himself staring, and really couldn't help it. The robe was trimmed with flourishes of gauzy lace and was clearly from the same bridal-white lingerie set that Bedelia had left for them. It draped elegantly over Hannibal's shoulders, tied at the waist, and had long, flowing sleeves. The neckline cut deeply down his chest and the hem fell quite high on his thighs, which themselves were covered in white silk stockings. Will swallowed. He had never seen Hannibal's legs bare before and had not realized quite how long and slender they really were.

"I hope you'll forgive me taking a gift that I believe was intended for you, but after three years in that dreadful jumpsuit, the sensation of a silk robe was too appealing to resist."

He nodded blankly. "And the stockings?"

"The house remains a bit too cool to go without them."

Considering it felt barely any warmer now than when they had first walked in, that was a slight understatement, but Will let it pass.

"The bra that she included was a poor fit for my ribcage, as I do think she estimated the measurements with you in mind. You're welcome to try it, if you'd like."

"I'm… fine."

He wasn't sure that was entirely true. His face felt far warmer than it should have in the cold air of the house.

"Then would you like a glass of champagne while we wait for the Dragon?"

"Yes, please." He could only hope it would help ease some of his awkwardness.

It wasn't until they moved to the living area and Hannibal sat in an armchair with one knee crossed over another that the robe shifted out of place and Will could see his stockings were in fact *thigh highs* secured with *garters*.

Will tried very hard not to stare from his seat on the sofa across from Hannibal, but he was aware his eyes kept flickering down to the sliver of skin that was revealed between swathes

of silk and lace.

“Anything the matter, Will?”

He flushed when he realized his furtive glances had been noticed. “You just look… cold.”

“Cold?”

“Well, the house is cold and you’re not… wearing very much.”

“Hmm.” His eyes narrowed like he didn’t believe Will for one moment, but he tilted his head in thought. “It is taking the house a long time to come to a comfortable temperature. I suppose I could turn on the gas fireplace. Technically it’s long past due for a proper safety inspection, but I suppose if we’re expecting someone to make an attempt on our lives tonight, the chance of a fire shouldn’t be our biggest concern.”

Without another word, he set his glass down and walked over to the fireplace, where he leaned down to open the shutters enclosing the fire, and Will was promptly met by the sight of the robe hem lifting and exposing the back of his thighs. His silk-wrapped legs seemed to stretch up for miles until they ended in lace trim and the tease of garters stretched tight, and Will found himself not able to think of much other than what it would feel like to run his hand all the way up the silk until he reached the warmth of Hannibal’s thighs.

Hannibal knelt down on the carpet to begin fiddling with the knobs that controlled the fireplace, and he wasn’t bent over nearly as far and that was better, almost. Except Will couldn’t stop thinking about the fact that if Bedelia had included a bra, there must have also been panties, and did Hannibal put those on, too? And if he bent forward further, might Will get a glimpse? And holy hell, he was either too drunk or too sober to deal with this right now, and the single glass of champagne he had consumed made him pretty sure it was not the former.

The fire eventually started up with a *fwoof*, and Hannibal settled back with a satisfied noise.

This was again less distracting, until he raised a knee to stand on and it slid between the two halves of the robe, and Will caught the briefest glimpse of his inner thigh before he stood upright.

And then Hannibal stared right at him and Will *blushed*, as if Hannibal could stare right into his mind and read his increasingly inappropriate thoughts. Then he realized that somehow, mindreading powers or not, Hannibal knew exactly what he was thinking, and was entirely unashamed to be the focus of his attentions.

Which… made a lot of sense as something that would go along with the whole “in love with” thing. But the amount of time Will had devoted to considering the physical side of that, as opposed to the much more tumultuous reality of being *emotionally* attracted to and conjoined with a serial-killing cannibal, had been insufficient to truly prepare him for this.

But he took another sip of champagne—for all the good it would do—and said in a voice that came out as embarrassingly uneven, “If you’re still cold, you should sit next to me.”

That, for once, seemed to blindside Hannibal. He stopped abruptly with the hand on the chair he was about to settle back into, and blinked. Then he inclined his head and went to sit next to Will.

And Will, with all the courage he could muster, ruthlessly shoving the more contentious bits of himself in the furthest corner of his mind, put an arm behind Hannibal's back.

Hannibal shuddered. A full-body shudder, breath catching, that caught Will completely off-guard.

"Are you… okay?" he asked. Not so much concerned as confused—even with the assumption of Hannibal's attraction to him, it was an overreaction.

Hannibal nodded and huffed, though Will got the impression it wasn't scorn for the question so much as frustration with himself. "I… haven't had any significant physical contact with anyone for three years. Nothing more than incidental contact when being handcuffed or otherwise restrained, or having my hair cut. I'm somewhat unused to the sensation now. It feels far more intense than it has any right to."

He didn't pull away. In fact, he pressed in closer to Will, and Will gently rubbed his shoulder, feeling the slide of luxurious silk against skin. Hannibal relaxed into it, practically slumping against Will, and sliding his hand behind Will's back and around his waist.

Will froze for a moment, then resumed, exhaling a shaky breath. He was more receptive to this than he felt he should be, with thoughts of Hannibal's thighs still lingering in the back of his mind, and the slide of the fabric feeling so sensual. It was extremely soft, and he understood why Hannibal had immediately gravitated toward it in place of his normal clothing. It must be a tremendous relief after years of cheap, scratchy fabrics.

His hand moved further down Hannibal's shoulder, appreciating his content sigh. And then down his back, wrapping around his waist—and Hannibal made a small noise and shifted in place, and Will would have thought he was uncomfortable if not for way he leaned his cheek against Will's shoulder, burrowing in.

Will's hand started to rub small circles on Hannibal's waist, and Hannibal made another noise and quickly pulled it away, though he gave it a reassuring squeeze. "Will, I must warn you… as long as I've gone without any intimate touch, I'm already starting to get rather aroused."

And Will found himself very interested at the thought.

"Have you… with yourself?"

"I wouldn't give my wardens the satisfaction. I had to preserve some dignity."

Will's hand tightened around Hannibal's. The idea of him being untouched for three years, and Will being the first after all that time…

"Will you let me?" Will asked.

Hannibal turned until they made eye contact, his eyes searching Will's face as if he dared not believe it. Will tentatively touched his cheek and trailed his hand down his jaw, then, very gently, onto his neck.

Hannibal shivered and tilted his head back so more of his neck was bared, and Will leaned in and kissed him.

Hannibal melted. In any other context, Will would not have believed how soft he felt in that moment, too used to his ferocity. But with Hannibal so sensitive to every touch, he was not surprised. He slid his hand to cup the back of Hannibal's head and Hannibal just let it rest there, opening his mouth to Will.

Will didn't kiss hard—it wasn't necessary. Every soft brush of his lips against Hannibal was received like something much more passionate; when he reached out his tongue to lick just lightly along Hannibal's lower lip it received a moan, and Will had to restrain himself to avoid overwhelming him with anything further. But he did slide his hand from the back of Hannibal's neck, following the lace trail of the neckline down to his chest, where he felt hair that made him pause and investigate further—because this was a new sensation for him on a partner, and he felt the need to explore the part of him that was thoroughly pleased at this development.

As he ran his hand over Hannibal's chest, his fingers ran under the silk and across the nub of a nipple, and Hannibal shivered and moaned, reached his hand up to Will's hair and grabbed a handful, just tightly enough to steady himself and hold Will's mouth tight against his.

Will brushed his thumb over the same spot and Hannibal broke the kiss, panting. "Slowly, Will. It's all… quite intense."

So he did. They took their time—Will exploring Hannibal's body both through silk and beneath it, and Hannibal doing the same to Will, once he was no longer so overcome as to be rendered passive by his touch. It was the slowest lovemaking Will had had in recent memory, but he felt no impatience when Hannibal was so receptive to even the smallest touch.

When he finally got down to Hannibal's thighs, he was nearly as overcome as Hannibal. He slid his hand up and down Hannibal's leg, just as smooth and firm as he expected. And the top of his thighs, where Will could slide his fingers underneath the garter straps and inch upward until he felt a new layer of lace, were their own delight. The pace sped slightly after that, both of them eager.

Will knew Hannibal was hard—he was too—but avoided touching him there until Hannibal was clearly reaching a point of desperation.

"Lie back," Will said softly. "I want to see you."

Hannibal reclined on the sofa, flushed, in a puddle of silk, and Will arranged himself so he sat between Hannibal's legs. He skimmed his hands up Hannibal's inner thighs, making Hannibal's hips jerk eagerly.

"Easy there," Will said with a smile.

Hannibal growled slightly, but again obeyed, and stilled himself. And Will was suddenly *very* curious how Hannibal would respond to orders in a slightly different context—but that was a thought for another time.

Instead, he reached up and untied the robe, pulling it open and revealing all of Hannibal beneath. And what a sight. The garter belt fastened around his waist, and beneath it the delicate silk and lace of panties, currently stretched out of shape and failing to fully contain him.

Will bit his lip, unable to decide what he wanted more: to see all of Hannibal as he came, or to be pressed up close against him and feel it.

He decided he wanted to be close to him for this, and leaned down until they were pressed together and he could offer Hannibal a kiss, bracing himself with one arm while the other slid down between them, past the garter belt, until Hannibal jerked underneath him with a choked noise.

"Will, I'll—"

"I know."

"*Very quickly*."

"I know. I want you to."

He moved his hand very slowly, appreciating every quiver and moan it drew out of Hannibal. He allowed himself one much deeper kiss, licking into Hannibal's mouth, needing him to understand how deeply aroused Will was despite his calm demeanor.

When he pulled back he nuzzled against Hannibal until they were cheek to cheek, and said "Go ahead. Come for me."

Hannibal's entire body shook as he did, making noises that made Will dearly wish he could be fucking him right now. He soothed the desire by laying kisses along Hannibal's neck until his body fell lax beneath him.

"Well," Hannibal said after they lay breathing for a minute. "I think I may owe Bedelia a thank you card."

Will grinned. "We can send her a note that says her presence is not requested at our dinner table. I think it'll get the point across."

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!